

great play was Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). A

little one-act play of hers, "Journeys End in Lovers¹

Meeting"—in which I first acted with Johnston Forbes-

Robertson and Terriss at a special matinee in 1894—brought

about a friendship between us which lasted until her death.

Of her it could indeed be said with poignant truth, "She

should have died hereafter." Her powers had not nearly

reached their limit.

Pearl Craigie had a man's intellect—a woman's wit

and apprehension. "Bright/' as the Americans say, she

always managed to be even in the dullest company, and

she knew how to be silent at times, to give the "other

fellow' * a chance. Her *executive* ability was extraordinary.

Wonderfully tolerant, she could at the same time not easily

forgive any meanness or injustice that seemed to her de-

liberate. Hers was a splendid spirit.

I shall always bless that little play of hers which first

brought me near to so fine a creature. I rather think that

I never met any one who *gaw out* so much as she did. To

me, at least, she *gave, gave* all the time. I hope she was

not exhausted after our long "confabs." I was most

certainly refreshed and replenished.

The first performance of "Journeys End in Lovers'

Meeting" she watched from a private box with the Princess

of Wales (our present Queen) and Henry Irving. She came

round afterwards just *burning* with enthusiasm and praising

me for work which was really not good. She spoiled one

for other women.

Her best play was, I think, "The Ambassador," in which

Violet Vanbrugh (now Mrs. BourcMer) played

a pathetic
part very beautifully, and made a great
advance in her
profession.

There was some idea of Pearl Craigie writing
a play for
Henry Irving and me, but it never came to
anything. There